

The Tragedy of Hamlet

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potently belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Polo. Indeepe that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be dliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I wil take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstjerne, and Rosencraus.

Polo. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polo. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you fir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My exelent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstjerne*?

A Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that, we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fau

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonore*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halspeny; were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita- tion? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Ham. Any thing but to th purp
a kind of confession in your look
craft enough to cullour, I know
sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach
rights of our fellowshippe, by t
obligation of our euer preserue
better proposer can charge you
mee whether you were sent for

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye

Guyl. My Lord wee were sent

Ham. I will tell you why so
discouery, and your secrecie to
ther, I haue of late, but where
forgon all custome of exercises,
my disposition, that this good
sterill promontoric, this most
you, this braue ore-hanged f
ted with golden fire, why it a
and pestilent congregation of
man, how noble in reason, h
moouing, how expresse and ad
gell in apprehension, how like
parragon of Annimales, and ye
dust? man delights not mee
smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no

Ham. Why did yee laugh

Ros. To thinke my Lord if
entertainment the players sh
on the way, and hether are t

Ham. He that playes the K
haue tribute on mee, the adue
target, the louer shal not sing
part in peace and the Lady
verse shal halt for't. What p

Ros. Euen those you were v
dians of th Citty.